

NATURE'S DOCTORS.

How the Adirondack Mountaineer Fights Bodily Ills.

"When the Adirondack native becomes afflicted with any of the numerous trifling ills which make mankind wretched," said the returned visitor to a New York Herald reporter, "he does not waste much time on doctors, but goes straight to the woods or the attic for nature's own remedies. There is one old man whom I have met with a pack basket on shoulder and shears and a rough board stool in his mittened hands, going after yarrow, which, dried, is the standby for coughs when it has been made into a wicked looking brew. Fir balsam, coaxed drop by drop from the blisters which swell on the balsam fir at full moon, is a sovereign remedy for chest and lung complaints.

"Gravel weed, by which name they insult trailing arbutus, is excellent for the complaint which gives it its name, and bladder root has a desirable effect on the kidneys and neighboring organs. Sage tea, containing a little summer savory, is efficacious for worms in children, for which helonema, also steeped, is also used. Sunflower seeds, also steeped, strained and sweetened with molasses, will cure the whooping cough. Horseradish leaves wilted and bound on the face and back of the neck, will drive away neuralgia and a nutmeg, bored and tied around the neck, will keep it away. The nutmeg must be renewed about once every six weeks.

"Onions, sliced, pounded and placed in a cloth and laid over the affected part, will draw out inflammation. A red onion, halved and with one part slightly scooped out and the cup placed over a carbuncle or a boil, will speedily remove the pus and has saved life.

"There are many more of these simple remedies in the North woods pharmacopoeia which the wise ones have at their fingers' ends, and if they are not more widely used and money kept in the overalls of the thrifty native it is because a lenient and more fortunate fate presides over the incomes of the Adirondack medics."

In a Hurry.

Henry Seton Merriman—his real name was Hugh Scott—was one of the swiftest writers the world has ever seen. Mr. Merriman only wrote at long intervals, but when he once sat down at his desk he would produce two or three chapters of 5,000 words each in an evening.

Once he argued with Walter Pater at Oxford on this matter. "Nothing," Mr. Pater reiterated—"nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry."

"Nothing?" said Mr. Merriman. "Nothing," said Mr. Pater. "How about making a train?"

Modern.

The fairy godmother was about to touch the pumpkin with her wand.

"Oh, dear firstcousinmother," interposed Cinderella, who had become imbued with sundry modern ideas, "no coach, if you please. The prince is only a man, after all, and the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Turn the pumpkin into a pie and leave me to pretend I made it all myself."

But hereupon it transpired that the forces of magic were not without their limitations.—Puck.

What the Jars Mean.

A stranger on walking through the streets of Chinese towns for the first time is puzzled, among other things, by the appearance of jars in various positions on the roofs of the houses. On inquiry he learns that a jar placed with its bottom end toward the street indicates that the daughter of the house is not yet of age to marry. As soon as she has developed into a marriageable maiden the jar is turned with its mouth to the street, and when the young lady gets married the jar is removed altogether.

Sweetheart Abbey.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy covered, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Der gorvil, with the heart of her husband, John Bulio, embalmed upon her breast. Lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided. The crumbling masonry is still and must ever be a romance in its symbols of death and decay, telling every day, as it has for 600 years, the thrilling story of a woman's tender love and devotion.

Told the Truth.

A shopkeeper in Sheffield had stuck up a notice in glaring colors and very large letters: "Selling off! Must close on Saturday!"

On Friday a friend asked: "What! Are you selling off again?"

"Certainly. All the shopkeepers

are selling off, ain't they?" "Of course they are. But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "Certainly I must. You would not have me keep open on Sunday, would you?"—London Globe.

A Useful Young Lady.

"You are late this afternoon," said the music teacher to his elaborately powdered and highly decorated young lady pupil.

"Yes," replied the damsel, swishing down on the music stool. "Ma was so busy in the kitchen that I had to wait nearly half an hour for her to sew up a tear in one of my gloves."

Wood Imitation Silk.

Wood pulp, which is now used to such a wonderful extent for paper making, is, according to report, being employed at a factory in North Germany for making artificial silk. The plant is turning out about fifty pounds of skein silk per day, but the output is soon to be increased to 2,000 pounds. The material is said to be soft in texture and a cream-white color, each thread being made up of eighteen strands, which by themselves are so fine as to be almost invisible to the unaided eye. When woven, this wood-silk is said to have all the appearance of genuine silk, although it is not so strong as the real product of the silkworm. Little is known as to the details of manufacture, but it is believed that the pulp undergoes a certain chemical treatment, and is then forced by hydraulic pressure through very fine orifices or tubes. Equally reticent are its promoters with regard to price and resistance to wear and tear.—Chamber's Journal.

A Becoming Combination.

The fashion of blending pale pink and red is a blessing to brunettes, to whom the combination is most becoming.

The pink is used for the foundation of the frock in some soft or gauzy fabric, with a garniture of cherry colored, poppy or even crimson velvet.

Occasionally this order is reversed and a red gown is decorated with flowers or ribbons in pale pink, but the result in this case is not so satisfactory.

FOR SALE

We have for sale at a bargain a Scholarship in the Bowling Green Business College or Normal school department, a Scholarship in the Massey Business College at Louisville. For further information call on or address, THE REPUBLICAN.

He Didn't Have to Prove It.

One day a stranger stepped off the train at Hopkins and said to a man on the depot platform, "Can you tell me who is the best lawyer in this town?" "I am," replied the man on the platform without hesitation. The stranger seemed somewhat disconcerted by this display of egotism and gently said, "Excuse me, sir, but I should like to have you prove it." "Don't have to prove it, sir," answered the man on the platform. "I admit it. I'm the only lawyer in this town, sir." And immediately the stranger got a lawyer and the lawyer got a client.—Kansas City Journal.

Discreet Silence.

When Bismarck was a boy his father desired him to become a clergyman, says Hon. Andrew D. White in the Century. In his later years the "Iron Chancellor" found humor in the suggestion.

"You probably think that if I had become a clergyman I should be a better man," he said jocosely to his wife one evening.

"I will not reply to that," she said quietly, "for my answer would not be polite."

Sweet Solitude.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I do wish you would keep away from the race track."

There was no reply.

"I heard some men talking about a lot of long shots that landed, and if I had known, Charley, dear, that there was rifle practice going on in the neighborhood I should never have let you go near the place."—Washington Star.

Not What She Meant.

One of the German women who accompanied George I. to England was hissed and hooted at by the crowd as she was being driven along the mall to St. James' palace. Putting her head out of the coach, she called out in broken English: "Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes," answered a man in the crowd, "and for our chattels too."

STATE OF NATURE

Advocated by Man Who Walks the Streets Almost Naked.

"I would walk down Broadway naked if it were not for the police," said a remarkable looking man who attracted a great crowd as he strolled along the Rialto yesterday afternoon attired in a corduroy mantle which just recovered his body from shoulders to just below the knees. His legs were bare; he wore sandals. He had bushy whiskers and long silky blond hair, tied back with a brown ribbon. He was Joseph Salomonson, who arrived from Holm and last Friday on the American liner Haverford. He believes in living the life of the "natural man," believing his ability thereby to prolong his life 150 years.

Until 1899 Salomonson was a successful merchant. In that year he became a vegetarian and ceased to take liquid. He is 51, but does not look to be over 35 or 40. He has a peach and cream complexion, and is strong and quick on the movements. He speaks good English.

"I only began to live when I discovered the beautiful kind of life I am living," he said last night. "Salt is the enemy of the world. I have not taken a drink, and have moistened my mouth only with the juices of fruits.

"It used to cost me \$5,000 a year to live, now it cost me only \$250 a year. When I am at home I do not wear any clothes—nix, nix—I want to get as close to nature as possible. I sleep out in the fields, and the magnetism from the earth is like an injection of morphine. I am awakened in the morning by the glorious sunrise, and my eyelids and whiskers are covered with dew. It is delicious.

"When I went to England and walked through the streets without only a thin robe of linen over my shoulders, I was made fun by the people, and went to Switzerland. When I was in the country I did not wear anything. The time is not far off when no one will wear clothes—clothes are horrible."—New York World.

Health and Beauty.

The making of a bed is a whole gymnasium in itself.

The entire body is called upon in this phase of housework.

The body bends from the waist, the muscles of the arms and legs are al-

ternately stretched and contracted.

Beat the mattress and pillows with the proper vigor and the blood tingles in your finger tips.

Tuck in the bed clothes and the waist muscles are exercised, the twisting and turning of the body takes off all superfluous flesh and makes a sharply waist.

Seldom do you find a fat chambermaid in our hotels. Well rounded, sharply, deft and graceful are most chambermaids, all because of the exercise of housework.

The preservation of a good figure depends to some extent on the manner of walking.

Many persons as they advance in years allow themselves to walk heavily and without elasticity, so that the whole weight rests on the lower part of the limbs at every step the only effect of exercise being weariness of the legs and feet.

Instead of this the body should be held erect and poised so as to have a perfect balance. In this way the muscles are braced and strengthened throughout, the lungs must of necessity be well expanded, and it seems quite reasonable to suppose that the tendency to increase of weight may be checked.

At all events, a lighter step and a brisker and more enjoyable manner of walking can be kept up and that in itself is a very great gain.

End of Bitter Fight.

"Two physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abscess on my right lung" writes J. H. Hughes of DuPont, Ga., "and gave me up. Everybody thought my time had come. As a last resort I tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The benefit I received was striking and I was on my feet in a few days. Now I've entirely regained my health." It conquers all Cough, Colds and Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Drug Store. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

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LIVER TROUBLES

"I find Thedford's Black-Draught a good medicine for liver disease. It cured my son after he had spent \$100 with doctors. It is all the medicine I take."—MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN, Parkersburg, W. Va.

If your liver does not act regularly go to your druggist and secure a package of Thedford's Black-Draught and take a dose tonight. This great family medicine frees the constipated bowels, stirs up the torpid liver and causes a healthy secretion of bile.

Thedford's Black-Draught will cleanse the bowels of impurities and strengthen the kidneys. A torpid liver invites colds, biliousness, chills and fever and all manner of sickness and contagion. Weak kidneys result in Bright's disease which claims as many victims as consumption. A 25-cent package of Thedford's Black-Draught should always be kept in the house.

"I used Thedford's Black-Draught for liver and kidney complaints and found nothing to excel it."—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Marblehead, Ill.

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Circuit Court—T. F. Birkhead, Judge; Ben. D. Ringo, Attorney. T. H. Black, Jailer; Ed. G. Barrass, Clerk; Rowan Holbrook, Master Commissioner; G. B. Likens, Trustee Jury Fund; C. P. Keown, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputy Sheriff—C. Keown, Clarence Keown, Jo. H. Roberts R. L. Boyd. Court convenes first Monday in March and August and continues three weeks, and third Monday in May and November two weeks.

County Court—J. P. Miller, Judge; M. S. Hagand, Clerk; W. H. Barnes, Attorney, Hartford. Court convenes first Monday in each month. Quarterly Court—Begins on the third Monday in April, July, October and January.

Court of Claims—Convenes first Monday in January, Tuesday after second Monday in October. Other Officers—J. H. Wood, Surveyor, Carlisle Frank Lowe, Assessor, Bada. James DeWeese School Superintendent, Hartford. Ben L. Davis Coroner, Sulphur Springs.

Justices' Courts.

B. F. Hudson, Beaver Dam—February 16, May 18, August 31, November 30. Geo. W. Martin, Balzeton—February 12, May 14, August 20, November 12. Jno. M. Graham, Narrows—February 28, May 2, August 20, November 12. T. A. Evans, Fordsville—January 15, May 7, August 27, November 5. J. A. Hicks, Buford—February 7, May 9, August 12, November 7. W. A. Rone, Centertown—February 9, May 11, August 24, November 9. D. J. Wilcox, Rockport—February 20, May 8, August 25, November 14.

Hartford Police Court.

Jno. B. Wilson, Judge. C. E. Smith, City Attorney. S. P. Barnett, Marshal. Court convenes second Monday in each month.

Religious Services.

M. E. Church, South—Services third Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., and second Sunday at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Rev. W. T. Miller, Pastor. Baptist Church—Services held second Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. C. P. Church—Services first Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. J. D. Harred, pastor. School Trustees, Hartford—Jas. P. Miller, J. Glenn, S. T. Stevens, D. M. Hocker, J. H. B. Casson, Jon. C. Riley. Town Trustees—Rowan Holbrook, Chairman, S. A. Anderson, Clerk; Dr. S. J. Wedding, W. S. Tinsley, A. C. Taylor.

Secret Societies.

A. O. U. W. meets first and third Saturday nights. Hartford Lodge, No. 675, F. & A. Masons, first Monday night in each month. Rough River Lodge, No. 110, Knights of Pythia meets every Tuesday night. Preston Morton Post, No. 4, G. A. R., hold regular meetings Saturday before first Sunday in each month.

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